

The Evening World.
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULSTER.
 Published Daily Except Sundays and Holidays by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 25
 25 Park Row, New York.
 RALPH PULSTER, President, 25 Park Row.
 J. ANTHONY PULSTER, Treasurer, 25 Park Row.
 JOSEPH PULSTER, Jr., Secretary, 25 Park Row.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter
 October 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at the rate of \$2.00 per
 copy under Act of October 3, 1917. Postage paid at New York
 and at additional mailing offices.
 One Year, \$12.00. Six Months, \$7.00. Three Months, \$4.00.
 Single Copies, 10 Cents.
 VOLUME 54. NO. 19,009

THOUGHTS AFTER A SHOWER.

NEW YORK has had a chance to file away a few reminders from the record rainfall of Thursday night.

Householders and hotel-keepers whose ceilings and carpets were ruined because they carelessly let their roof leaders become clogged, causing the water to back up and flood through their skylights, will have more foresight in future. Such of their neighbors as are wise will take warning.

The Interborough may assure itself that its boasted electric pumps are powerless in the subway when it comes to a downpour. Also the public has reason to demand why hundreds of passengers were forced to steam and swelter in trains stalled between stations—in some cases in darkness—when traffic handlers must have known that trains could not get through. What has become, furthermore, of the independent lighting system which the Interborough promised to establish in every car for just such emergencies?

One thing New Yorkers knew already was forcibly brought home to them during the deluge of Thursday evening. There are plenty of taxicab brigands in the city who seize every chance to gouge the public with insolent and outrageous overcharges. Helpless patrons that night were forced to pay as much as \$10 to ride a few blocks. With the new ordinance in full operation such impudent extortion would be impossible. So long as court orders hold up the law taxicab bandits will hold up the public.

The arrest of Jerome may be taken as a desperate effort on the part of Canada to prove that she can draw the line somewhere.

PENSIONS FOR DEPENDENT MOTHERS.

THE PLEA made at the national conference at Buffalo by Robert W. Hebbard, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, on behalf of pensions for dependent mothers, serves to recall public attention to a needed change in the system of State charities and State education. The present Legislature appropriated \$15,000 to defray the expenses of a commission to investigate the advisability of establishing such a system of pensions in this State, but the commission has never organized. Mr. Hebbard's plea was timely.

There is nothing of radical socialism in the proposed reform. The State is now and has for a long time been engaged in the care and education of children of parents who are unable to perform those duties. The present system, however, takes the child away from the helpless mother and confides it to the care of some form of institutional charity maintained by either the State or a church. The proposed system leaves the child with the mother, conserves the family and gives help to the home instead of breaking it up.

The advantages of the home pension hardly need argument. The experiment has been tried in Illinois and in other States and has been found to work well. It is not only better as a method of child-training but more economical.

Testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commissioner showed that the New York, New Haven and Hartford managers never punished employees for disobeying the rules. Just wagged a finger at Fate.

A PLANET IN DEADLY PERIL.

THE UNSEEN influences that surround us in the narrow corners of our everyday life become as nothing when a clever mind takes us exploring among the stars and the terrific, immeasurably awful forces that make our sun and earth seem like specks of dust whirled about on the spoke of some infinite wheel. Who knows what this planet and its atmosphere are destined to encounter as they whiz millions upon millions of miles each year through space? Who knows what the sun spots and star changes over which our scientists puzzle may really portend, could we but read them aright?

Through this boundless field A. Conan Doyle, in his story of "The Poison Belt," which begins in The Sunday World Magazine tomorrow, takes his readers with an absorbing tale in which terrible, incalculable forces of the universe mingle with the affairs of flesh and blood characters who belong to the life everybody knows. This master of thrilling narratives has chosen the biggest of all backgrounds for a story of real men and women.

The Day's Good Stories

The Wrong Prescription.

LEWIS WALLER, the actor, who recently returned from a successful season in America, tells a story of a very old Irishman, who one day attended a friend by announcing that he was about to get married. "Married?" exclaimed his friend. "An old man like you?" "Well, you see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now. It's a false thing, Pat, to have a wife near to close the eyes of you when you come to the end." "Arrah, now, ye odd fella!" exclaimed Pat. "Don't be so foolish. What do ye know about it? Come ye over, indeed! I've had a couple of him, an' faith, they both of them opened mine!" —Fleming's Weekly.

So They Married.

THEY were engaged. Perhaps he reported; perhaps he did it only for fun. Said he: "My dear, I want to tell you that I mean to marry you." "I would say, my dearest love, that I have a big brother who would make it worth for you, and that I have some of the little sweetest little things that would make it expensive for you, George, dear." "But, you know, I haven't said it." "I know you haven't, my pet." "So, we'd better get married, hadn't we?" "I think so, my precious." —The Globe.

Saved \$5.94.

MR. FORTY was out walking with his wife yesterday morning. After doing a couple of errands in the vicinity of the State he inquired where she was going west. "I must go to the Colonial Arcade now," she said. "Mr. Forty stopped to the curb and signaled to her. 'Why, you silly dear!' exclaimed Mrs. F.

Who's Looney Now?

By Maurice Ketten



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

FROM all accounts, remarked the head polisher, "that must have been a pretty ferozid pro-Sulzer mass meeting at Cooper Union the other night."

"It was all of that and then some," agreed the laundry man. "In one respect it was the most amazing gathering in the history of this community, for it was addressed by three ministers of the gospel who openly advocated the theory that the extent of a public officer's offending is to be judged by the character of his accusers."

"The fact that Gov. Sulzer has been impeached by the Legislature of grand jurors and perjury was not mentioned by the speakers. They made it appear that the only charge against Gov. Sulzer is made by Charles F. Murphy, who hasn't appeared openly in the proceedings at all, whereas sworn testimony has been taken to show that the Governor misappropriated campaign funds for his campaign expenses."

"It is a remarkable exhibition of clerical broad-mindedness when men like Dr. Parkhurst, Madison C. Peters and Canon Chase get up on a public platform and in addressing an audience of persons certainly not conversant with all the facts in the matter under discussion, twist the case to suit their own notions. Maybe part of the reason why the churches are playing to empty benches may be found in the attitude of these clergymen."

"They maintained to their east side audience that Charles F. Murphy is so lacking in character that his part in the accusations against Gov. Sulzer should nullify these charges. In this the gentlemen are not consistent. 'When Lieut. Becker of the Police Department, a public officer, stood accused of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, all of these three ministers condemned him in advance. The chief, and, practically, the only evidence against Becker was furnished by Jack Rose, 'Bridge' Weber and Sam Scheppe, three professional gamblers who admitted on the witness stand that they had no character or standing in this community whatsoever.'"

"It is just as prejudicial to Gov. Sulzer to try to discredit the Court of Impeachment in advance of the trial as it is to call him guilty on a mere indictment in advance of trial. If Dr. Parkhurst and Rev. Mr. Peters and Canon Chase are sincere in their declaration that the case against Gov. Sulzer must be dismissed because of the character of Charles F. Murphy, who has never

even formally accused of a crime, they should reverse their opinion in the case of Becker, whose conviction was based on the evidence of criminals."

"The Real Question."

"SOME of our national legislators," said the head polisher, "appear to think that if the railroads used nothing but steel cars there would be no more collisions such as that on the New Haven line."

"These legislators," said the laundry man, "talk as though they wanted every passenger on a railroad to get a free collision guaranteed with his ticket. Of course, if the sleepers on the New Haven express had been made of steel the loss of life would have been smaller, or there might have been no loss of life at all. But that is not the main question."

"There shouldn't have been any collision. A rear-end collision on a well managed railroad is inexcusable, no matter how heavy the traffic. Bad management in the operating department and nothing else brings about rear-end collisions. The rules for protecting a train that comes to a stop on the main line are complete and ample. If they are not carried out, the fault lies with the management. For the railroad that doesn't enforce its own rules lacks discipline among its trainmen."

"The Pincher Pinched."

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that they pinched Jerome in Connecticut for playing penny ante poker in the middle of the street." "They recognize poker when they see it in Canada," explained the laundry man. "Mr. Jerome should have shot craps."

The Folks That Write Our Books

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

FREDERICK WATSON, author of the novel "Shallow," is a son of the late author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," who was known to so many readers by his pen name, Ian MacLaren.

John Luther Long, who wrote the original "Madame Butterfly" story, is credited with owning one of the balkeiest motor cars in Pennsylvania. When it will, it will; and when it won't, it won't. You can depend upon it, one way or the other.

Charles Belmont Davis, whose printed stories of the Great White Way are many, tells a tale of two Englishmen coming to New York on the Lusitania. One wanted to talk, but got no encouragement. The other was the Briton who read about. Not a word was passed between them till the Statue of Liberty loomed to port. Then the would-be valuable one broke the ice: "I've old chap, going ova!" "Yes, rathaw!" responded the other. "Thought I would, don't yuh know, old chap?"

Eden Philpotts, being down with Dartmoor and its dark and bloody grounds, will turn his attention to "The Joy of Youth" to Italy and art.

turned to the wheel. When he got back to the hotel he still had his four books. "Keep these," he said to Mrs. MacGraith. "I have played with them all day."

Herbert Foster, author of "Two on a Trail" and the forthcoming "Jack Chanty," is an adventurous Canadian. However, he has a farm on the Potomac River, near Chesapeake Bay, in Maryland, and, his word for it, he has just put in there a summer of work entitling him to a New Jersey vacation.

Emerson Hough is reading the reviews of "The Lady and the Pirate" between hunting parties up in the Mackenzie River country.

At Monte Carlo Harold MacGrath went to the roulette table with four louis—about \$16—one afternoon and won something like \$2,910. In the evening he re-



Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

She Tells "The Greatest Beauty Secret."

"GIVE me BEAUTY, or give me death!" This is the modern woman's slogan, which she huris in the face of Nature, Heaven, Time and her ancestors. Suffering syphilis! What tortures we endure! What tributes we pay, in energy, comfort and dollars, to the masseurs and the beauty doctors for a new complexion, a reducing process, a few pounds of hair, a wrinkle-eradicator and a hair-grower. With what avidity we read the silly drivel of famous actresses telling: "Whip I Am Beautiful," "How I Lured My Lashes to Grow," and "How I Conquered My Complexion." And how funny we must look to the men, who go right on getting comfortably fat and bald and enjoying life, in the sweet assurance that nothing can mar their fatal charm! But the really tragic thing about it all is that any woman CAN be beautiful; that there is only ONE GREAT "BEAUTY SECRET"; that it is free of charge and that, as the advertisements say, it "won't rub off!" Just a moment, ladies. Patience, PLEASE! Thank you.

Did you ever see a shallow, insignificant little thing, who somehow managed to keep men trailing after her and to impress every one of them with the idea that she was "beautiful"? Did you ever observe that half the so-called "Famous Beauties" of history and the stage were not really beautiful; that their features were irregular, and their complexions hand-painted, and their figures mostly a matter of clothes—but that, in spite of it all, they gave the IMPRESSION of beauty—the smile that won't come-off, which has earned more women a reputation for beauty than has any other one thing on earth.

Most of us are born with that smile; a very few of us retain it; but—shades of Mona Lisa!—how many of us try to cultivate it? And yet it is so easy to smile, so cheap, so simple! It requires no training, no art, no mixing, no beauty specialists. Sometimes I almost believe that the only difference between a "beauty" and a "freak" is the difference between a smile and a frown. As far as men are concerned, at any rate, "the smile that won't come-off" is the one and only attraction a woman need possess. Like flies and small boys, a man has never been able to resist SUGAR. The cleverest female cynic on earth could not interest him for half an hour. Sourness and cynicism from the lips of a woman make him shudder, as a small boy shudders at the thought of castor-oil. A woman cannot sneer, or weep, or argue him into anything under the sun; but she can smile him straight to perdition. When you meet a man whose wife leads him around like a kitten on a string you may be morally certain that she keeps a constant supply of sugar in both hands, and that her heartstone is smeared with honey, to make him stick to it. For most men the path to Hades, or to Heaven, is paved with sugar.

The trouble with the average girl is that she is too anxious to appear witty and worldly, and cynical and scintillating. It is not until she has gone half way through life, and finds herself still alone, that she discovers the truth—the truth she might have married any man she wanted if she had left all the scintillating to him—and simply SMILED.

After the Romance Has Worn Off.

A WIFE, on the contrary, is too apt to fancy that the wedding ring gives her the privilege of frowning or weeping. "Never in a smile," she thinks, "needed than in the post-honeymoon period, after the romance has worn off, and you are beginning to get really acquainted with the man you married. He is looking at you, for the first time, through the matrimonial microscope. But a brilliant smile will so dazzle him that he won't even SEE your frown. In a man's eyes the greatest crime a woman can commit is to be unhappy. The blighted being sets no sympathy towards a woman who has lost one-half their former charm. This is the age of the SMILING WOMAN."

No man can resist a smiling woman. If you want anything of one of them, from love to money, smile it out of him. If he argues with you—smile and say nothing. If he flatters you—smile and pretend to swallow it. If he is "funny"—smile and pretend to see the point. If he is stupid—smile and endure it. If he is cross—smile and forget it. A smile will take the place of repartee, of wit, of good-nature, of love, of anything on earth. The woman who knows HOW to smile need have neither beauty, nor brains, nor intelligence, nor even "a conscience." All these things shall be added unto her—in a man's imagination. And, after all, nine-tenths of a woman's beauty IS in a man's imagination. Stop right up, ladies, and be BEAUTIFUL! No hanting, no punching-bags, no rolling, no money in advance! Try Madame Nature's Favorite Recipe—the "Kiss-me" Smile! Warranted, 99 per cent. SURE!

Why Do Some People "Get On Your Nerves?"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

"SOME people just get on your nerves!" voices a sentiment of the everyday.

And so long has been its usage that we let such belief influence our conduct. So much so, that almost immediately we label a fellow creature accordingly. Time is without number we pass people by because they have not "struck our fancy" at the moment of meeting.

We are too prone to judge at FIRST appearance. We let the first impression much that might prove worth while is lost to us.

Again, ours has been the gain when we have allowed later consideration to manifest itself. So that it often happens the MOOD

we are in at the moment we have met such people has made or marred our view of them. Therein has resulted a gain or loss to both.

On the other hand, we have regarded people we meet daily as "getting on our nerves," so that we have failed to find in them any OTHER trait that might recommend them to our interest; and have also thus consequently been the losers.

In this way the tendency is to cultivate a habit for drawing sharp immediate lines as to those we like, dislike or even TOLERATE. Sometimes this is the reason for the "I am so lonely."

And indeed are there many "lonely" people. So that it were not unwise to cultivate a certain something like this: "I believe every human being is so without some good."

"Therefore I would practice such patience that no man can make me hate him."

"I would so live as to cultivate the capacity of a great love for one, to deserve the blessing of a few friends, and yet to keep in touch with the pulse-beat of humanity."

"Sometimes human nature is frail and oftentimes it hangs by a thread. But in the course of time, should we love prove untrue and my friends desert me, I would know that the milk of human kindness still flows."

"The law of balance is ever present. Thus if I believe in humanity, humanity will believe in me."

"And in that belief I may be born again."

Beany and the Gang

By P. L. Crosby



WAR EXTRA

Of all the little scoundrels who ever hanged around the gang Willie Dubb is the worst. Nowing de gaps dat you was waded all you was waded around for waded a piece of cake and you know it, yer little pickled nose want you to see yer nose! Show up for drill, an' Beany!

Royal Tattooing.

KING GEORGE of England is tattooed. When he was Duke of York he had some elaborate Japanese designs pricked on his arms and chest, and personally he used to take great pride in the excellence of these skin pictures. But Queen Mary dislikes tattooing, and it is because of her pleadings that King George has just cautioned the Prince of Wales not to walk in his father's footsteps, as far as tattooing is concerned. It is curious coincidence that the Caesar, who bears such a resemblance to King George, that he may be described as his "double," was tattooed with similar designs by the same artist who tattooed King George.